THE ROAD TO FRANCE

Words by
DANIEL M. HENDERSON

Music by
SIGNE LUND

Text and Music awarded First Prize by
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High in F Low in D

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The Road to France

Words by
Daniel M. Henderson

Music by
Signe Lund

Alla marcia

Voice

Piano

1. Thank

f r.h. r.h. r.h. r.h. r.h.

mf *f* *mf*

God, our lib - er - at - ing lance Goes flam - ing on the way to France! To
France, how could our hearts for - get The path by which came La - fa - yette? At
lies, you have not called in vain! We share your con - flict and your pain! "Old

mf *mf*

France, the trail the Gur - khas found! To France, old Eng - lands ral - lying ground! To
last, thank God, at last we see There is no tri - bal lib - er - ty, No
Glo - ry," through new stains and rents, Par - takes of Free - doms sac - ra - ments! Re -

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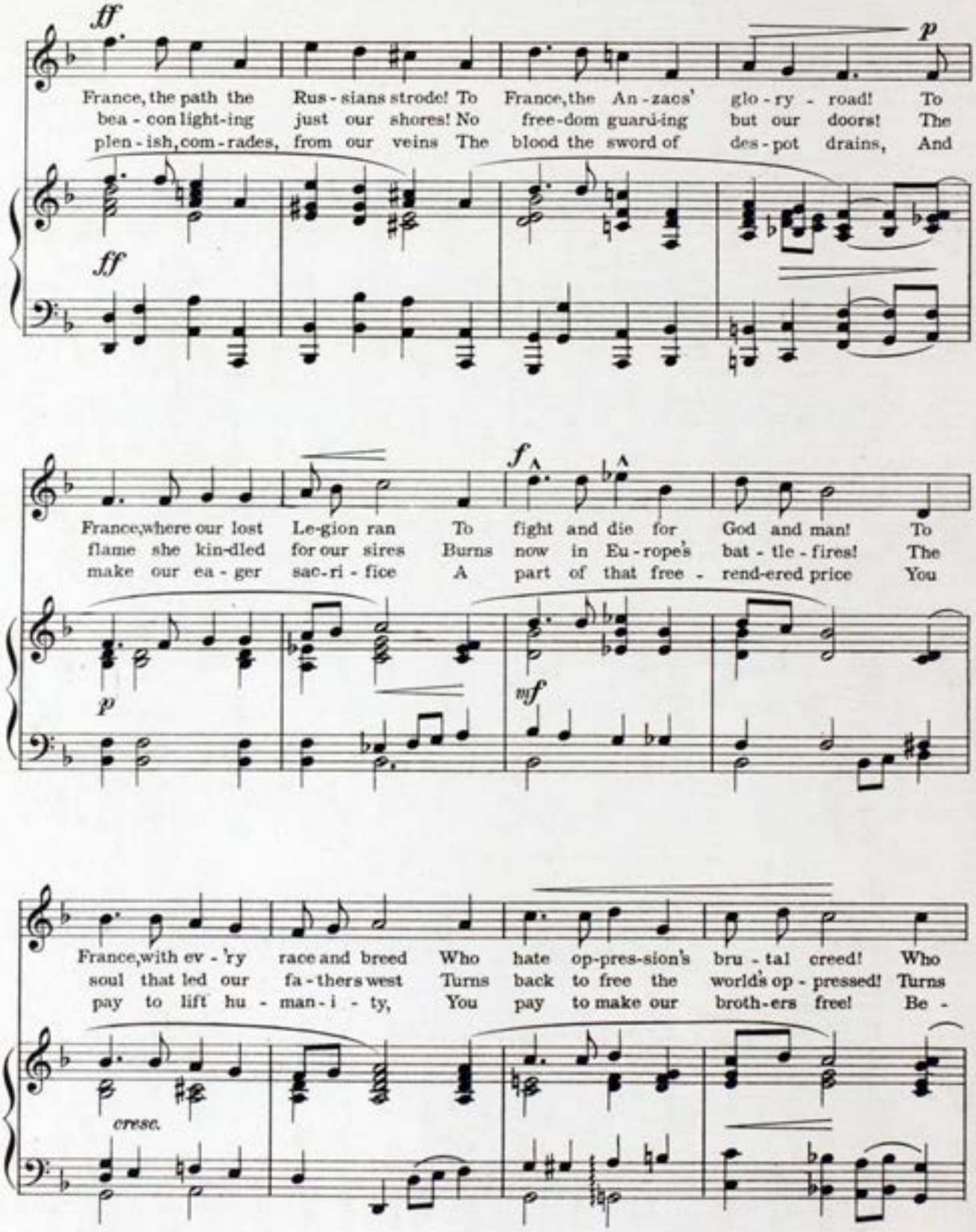
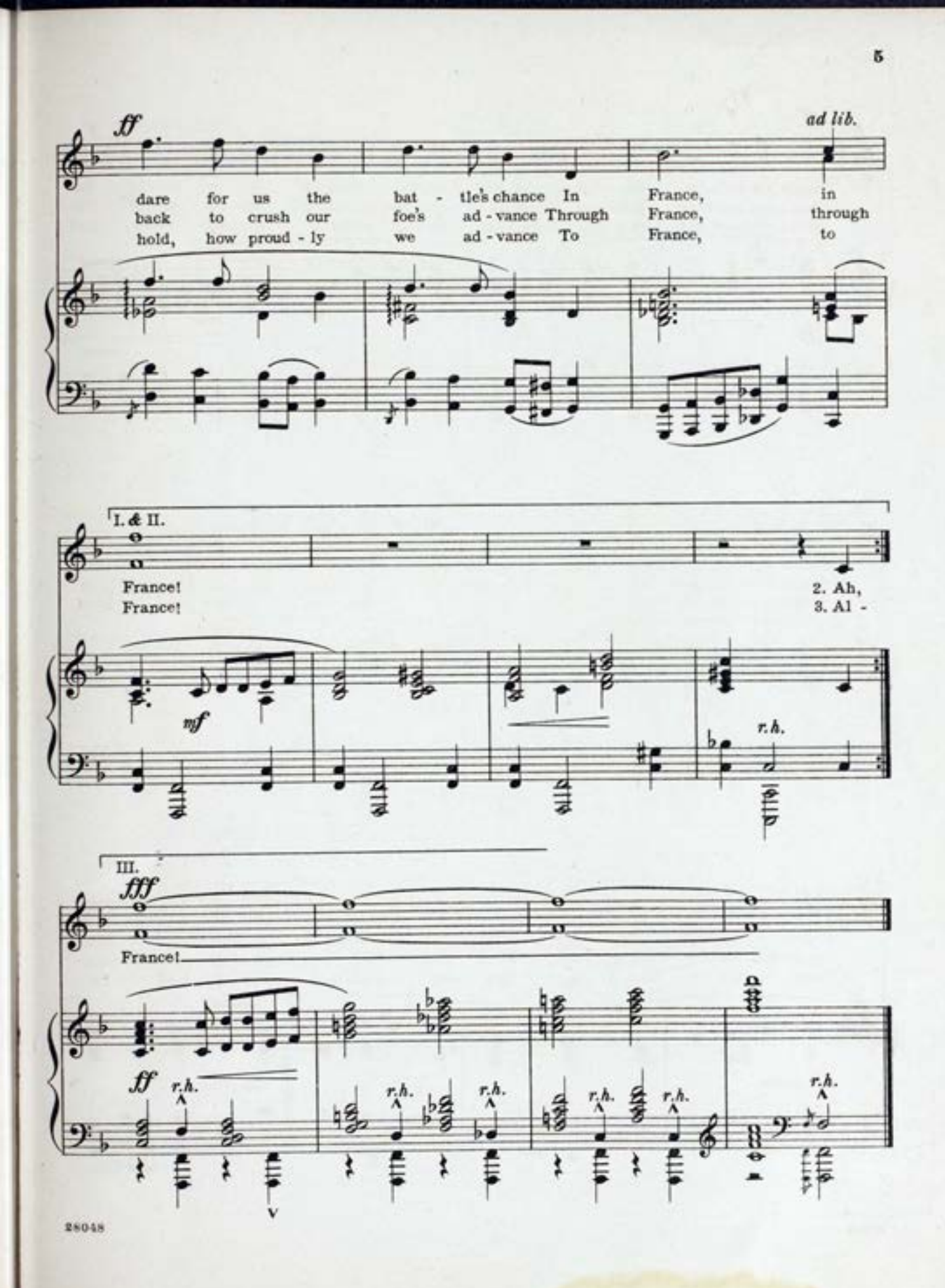

ff
p
France, the path the Rus - sians strode! To France, the An - zacs' glo - ry - road! To
bea - con light-ing just our shores! No free-dom guard-ing but our doors! The
plen - ish, com - rades, from our veins The blood the sword of des - pot drains, And
ff
f
France, where our lost Le-gion ran To fight and die for God and man! To
flame she kin-dled for our sires Burns now in Eu - rope's bat - tle - fires! The
make our ea - ger sac-ri - fice A part of that free - rend-ered price You
p
mf
France, with ev - 'ry race and breed Who hate op-pres-sion's bru - tal creed! Who
soul that led our fa - thers west Turns back to free the world's op - pressed! Turns
pay to lift hu - man - i - ty, You pay to make our broth-ers free! Be -
cresc.


ff
ad lib.
dare for us the bat - tle's chance In France, in
back to crush our foe's ad - vance Through France, through
hold, how proud - ly we ad - vance To France, to
I. & II.
France!
France!
2. Ah,
3. Al -
mf
r.h.
III.
fff
France!
ff
r.h.
r.h.
r.h.
r.h.
r.h.
r.h.
r.h.

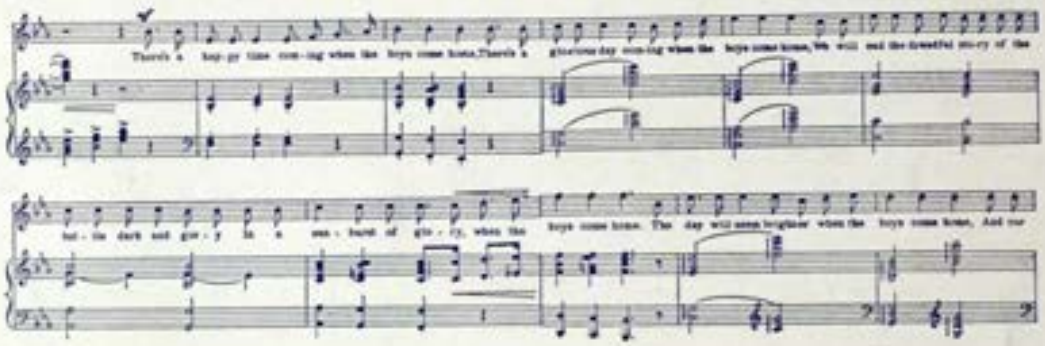
WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

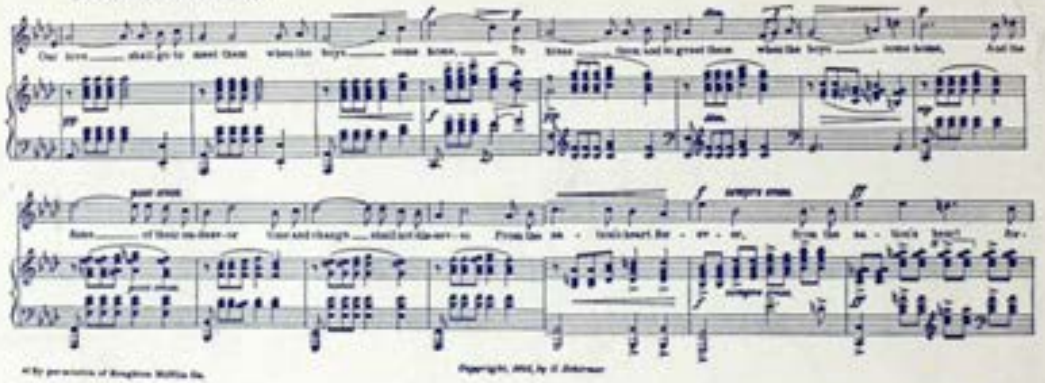
*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt adminstrations.

Music by **OLEY SPEAKS**
Composer of
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit



Slower, with feeling.



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HIGH IN B♭

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home:
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

MEDIUM IN G

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and beared faces,
When the boys come home:

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home:
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disever
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street G. SCHIRMER New York